

Black Jesus (feat. Popa Wu, Raekwon & U-God)

Ghostface Killah

[Raekwon]

Hit me, hit me, hit me, hit me

I don't wanna here nothin'

Word Up, got to pay

Yeah, Its like that right

Blow his Back out, make his shoes work Hey yo, this shit be off the knock it rock

Whatever cock block it

Cat get blown, who own this

Street corner,

Foreigner hesitate to rock a Hummer

Navy Seal top runner, rhyme this summer

For real, marinatin' nigga's skatin'

Debatin' waitin' style flowinly relatin'

Fine line switch it on ya like venetian blinds

The mission is mine, fabulous king I devine

Titanium Hydro collado, Yo dunn dunn polly dis conjunction

Son what, slang doctor, Medicaid the kids pay it

Say if these niggas in affect dunn, stay rap related

Cassette rhymers, 5-G co-signer, line for liner

Poet designer, sharp like liners

Mic of the year award, fly gear award

Them niggas over there be analyzing for one sword

Get bent, pay the rent, plus still we invent

'nough shit to get your whole team

Crazily sent

Now all I need is a half gallon of weed

Proceed, to bust as Mike Ditka made three seeds

Then Max out like two Ack's inside the parking lot

Son Bark a lot and get seen hit in that dark a lot

What now blow, clickin' like a calico

Gold max million, one love keep it real yo [Ghostface Killah]

Yo, hit me for these Tommy Hill, Ice rocking niggas

Peace, the summers mine, I blow the biggest

Back up off me, while I grab my dick and hold the Heini

Park the Blue 600, Wally kings is right behind me

Tackle clubs, never rock Lugz, I'm way above

This mic is like golden gloves verses spark plug

Its like the pennant, Seminars the Play-off

Start the J off like Cochran got OJ off

The Specialist who eyeballed the mistress necklace
Perpetuous, this curly head kid's treturous
Leggo the Eggo, so we can dip dip dive the gleego
Throwin' can-can, eat that plus this instrumental
Aww Shit say Stark-aligist, Starks-aligist
Fried fish halibut
Pull out the bull horn
And celebrate like Kunta was born
We elbowed our way inside loud and got on
I played the building, burn a branch and get filled in
Like Pilgrims G-in' Pepridge farms from out a million
Who wanna rhyme? who wanna challenge the swordsman?
That rock that fisherman hat like Gorden's[U-God]
I hose down the place
No shots to the face
Elite Special force no religion style faith
The meltin' pot boil gun shot drama soil
Gamble when I scramble handle hot pots of oil
Man handle brain killin' erect my hidden
Streets may be potent put your 9-6 bid in
Vampire Curse disperse on each verse
Swim in black water, act slaughter through my earth
You're hit by my element Great Wall of China
Mountain Peak hold the globe like vagina
Measure on my mic stand, molecule and strand
Finger rollin' rhythm ride the horse one hand
Golden Eye, Spy vs. Spy, guilty of suspicion
Chess boxer, mic in dead body position
40 oz. Ciga-art, three verse invented
Divine universal black man representin'
Similar the pure, rhyme blowing out the pore
Battery in the back, keep it charged for the raw
I'm bred type thorough, pistol lyro gun hero
Renaissance rebel shadow boxing your barrel
Fully woven Beethoven, hit you on a humble
Hard enough to hurt you, chastise my rap styles
Lock down, for this curfew

Songwriters

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